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Scarlet clad songster

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SCARLET CLAD

SONGSTER:

INCLUDING A NUMBER OF ORIGINAL SONGS BY

E. H. TANNETT, Esq.

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WE ARE COMING, SISTER MARY.

Founded on a superstition of a portion of the Coloured Race, thatthe approach of Death is forewarned in "Dream Song."

On a stormy night in winter, when the winds blew cold and wet,
I heard some strains of music that I never can forget.
I was sleeping in the cabin where lived Mary, fair and young,
When a light shone in the window, and a band of singers sung—

We are coming, sister Mary,
We are coming by and by,
Be ready, sister Mary,
For the time is drawing nigh.

I tried to call my Mary, but my tongue would not obey,
When the song so strange had ended, and the singers flown away.
As I watch'd I heard a rustling, like the rustling of a wing,
And beside my Mary's pillow very soon I heard them sing—

We are coming, sister Mary, &c.

Then again I called my Mary, but my sorrow was complete,
For I found her heart of kindness had for ever ceased to beat.
And I now am very lonely, from summer round to spring,
And I oft in midnight slumber think I hear the same ones sing—

We are coming, sister Mary, &c.

SCARLET CLAD.

"Enclose to the Boy in Blue."

An Original Patriotic Song, by EDWARD HARLEY TANNETT, *Author of "Songs of the Heart," and "Ballads of our Land."*

(Music at Bayle's.)

1.

Cheer up, dear mother, fret not for me,
Oh rejoice let your heart be glad;
I'll carve a brilliant name you'll see,
When I in the Scarlet am clad.
I've enrolled my name with the noble and brave;
In glory's path, mother, I steer.
From my pay, though scant, sufficient I'll save,
To keep you from want, mother dear.

CHORUS.—Cheer up, &c.

2

My loved father fell, my own mother dear,
In defending the rights of our land;
Yet God is above, then mother don't fear,
For myself or the brave little band.
You fretted at first for my brother in blue,
But he promis'd he'd make your heart glad;
And you'll find, dear mother, I'll be as true
When I in the scarlet am clad.

3.

See, mother, the colours, how proudly they wave;
Oh, banish that trembling tear;
Cheer up, dear mother, I join with the brave,
To keep you from want, mother dear.
One kiss—O my mother!—before I depart,
One smile—then I know you are glad.
Cheer up, dear mother, or you'll break the heart
Of your boy when in Scarlet he's clad.

THE TALE (TAIL) OF A DONKEY.

An Original Parody by EDWARD HARLEY TANNETT.

AIR—"Wait for the Waggon."

The morning sun was glowing, birds singing on the tree;
The village cock was crowing, and that woke me.
In the stable stood my Neddy, I saddled him with speed,
And while I dress'd me ready, my Neddy had a feed.

CHORUS.

While his Tail kept wagging, &c., from side to side.

white PN.970 .E5 SCARX

Of all the village lasses flocking to the fair
My Dolly, she surpasses any that wur there.
Gad, I've loved her long and steady, no other wench beside,
And if she'd have me and Neddy, to market we could ride.
While his Tail, &c.

The skylark it wur singing, and seem'd so full of glee,
The village bells were ringing, and merry hummed the bee.
All nature seemed to cheer up the flowers and fields so gay,
And Neddy prick'd his ears up to smell the new-mown hay.
While his Tail, &c.

With Dolly I got talking, as we jogged side by side,
Said I, "It's heavy walking, will you please to take a ride?"
Says she, "John, I be ready," then coming to his side,
She jump'd upon my Neddy, and to market she did ride.
While his Tail, &c.

We talked of fields and flowers, and every thing around,
How happy pass'd the hours, as we jogged o'er the ground,
At length I grew much bolder, she blush'd and cried, "Good lack!"
When of my love I told her, as we jogged on Neddy's back.
While his Tail, &c.

Now all you bashful lovers, wherever you may be,
Your modesty give over, just copy Doll and me.
Egad, she soon consented that she'd become my bride,
And she's never yet repented, when to market she did ride.
While his Tail, &c.

SPOKEN.

Repented! no, I should think not indeed. Eh! you should have seen Dolly and me trudging down the muddy lane, till I ax'd her to jump on my Neddy, and then, dash my buttons! if she did not look prettier than a Queen on a throne. "Eh, Dolly!" says I, "but I do love thee." "And so do I love *thee*, Robin!" says she; and then she *looked*, as only a woman in love *can* look,—Eh! such a look! a reg'lar knock-me-down-'er —— Then I took hold of the reins of Neddy, and led him up to the church-door, and then pulling out a plain wedding-ring, the parson made us tie a knot with our tongues we shall never take out with our teeth! We've been married three happy years now, and we've gotten two sweet little cherubs, wi' little cheeks as plump as a peach: and I've gotten a pair of hampers made, to fit Neddy's back; we puts one cherub on this side, and the other cherub on't t'other side. Then Neddy he takes the middle of the lane, while Dolly gathers violets on one side, I pluck primroses on the other; and when we've filled the little cherubs' hands with the beauties of nature, why, we give each other a glance as warm as a sunbeam.—"Then Dolly," says I, "this is happines!" "I believe thee, Robin," says she. Then Neddy he joins in chorus, with a "He! ha! he! haw!" (Braying)

While his Tail, &c.

SALLY MY DARLING.

An Original Comic Duet, by EDWARD HARLEY TANNETT.

AIR—"Cease your Clack."

HE.

Sally, my darling, dow dost do?
Pr'ythee tell—art thee well?

SHE.

Jackanapes, what's that to you?
I prithee mind thy work now.
Think you I'll insulted be?

HE.

Ods—bobs! thee never was by me.

SHE.

Odkins, bodkins! what dost mean?
I vow I'll tell my mother.

BLEED THROUGH

CHORUS.

HE.

Oh, jeminy, jeminy, here's a fuss,
Gi' us thy hand, and gi' us a buss.
Sally, why dost thee treat me thus?
I vow I'll love thee ever.

SHE.

Oh, jeminy, jeminy, here's a fuss,
No hand I'll give, nor yet the buss.
Robin, why dost thee treat me thus?
I hate thee now and ever.

HE.

Last night thee danced it at the ball,

SHE.

Yes, and I had a handsome lad,

HE.

Thee does'nt care for me at all.

SHE.

Who ever said I did now.

HE.

He sqwoze thy hand, a saucy miss!

SHE.

Yes, and when we parted gave me such a Kiss.

HE.

He perhaps did more—

SHE.

—Of that, I'm sure.

HE.

Lord! I shall go distracted!

Chorus.

HE.

The sodger chaps be now in town,
I'll march, by gum! to beat of drum.

SHE.

Some Russian bear may knock thee down
And I be disappointed—

HE.

My body to the wars I'll take.

SHE.

Laws! what an awkward squad thee'll make.

HE.

My lass, good bye!

SHE.

Don't make me cry!—
I feel I'll have acted.

Chorus.

HE.

They're fighting now abroad, 'tis said,
So I will list—

SHE.

—I pray desist—
Don't leave me here to die a maid,
Thy life will be exacted.

HE.

Thou'll break my heart, as though 'twere delf.

SHE.

(*Crying*) I pray don't go—(*Stamping*) you foolish elf.

HE.

I'se off, by dad!—

SHE.

—Oh, foolish lad!

HE.

I soon shall be appointed.

SPOKEN.

HE.

What dost mean, by thy cruel conduct? Dost think I've no more heart than a haystack?

SHE.

I was only in fun, John.

HE.

I don't see the joke. Now when I go into th' ranks, I mean to drill and dress and stand as still as a yard o' pump water. I'll turn my toes in, and keep my eyes two ways at once. I'll rub and scrub and pipe clay belts and buttons: polish partridge boxes, and ram down mucksticks—

SHE.

Oh, don't John,—don't-ee—(*sobs*)

HE.

Thee art a *Hen* amy—I see thee art prepare to desist. Calvery, charge!

(*Chases her round the Stage—she kneels.*)

SHE.

Oh, dear! oh, dear!

HE.

Egad! I'll ——— presently, fire!

(Falls on his knees and kisses her.

Eh, hang thee!—but I do love thee.
Come, give us thy hand, and be a good
wench in future.

SHE.

I will, John, I will, and henceforward
We'll be happy as crickets.

CHORUS.

Oh, jenny, jenny, here's a fuss,
Give us thy hand and give us a buss,
We'll never more quarrel thus,
But we'll be happy ever.

THE RIFLE CORPS OF BRADFORD.

A New Patriotic Song, by EDWARD HARLEY TANNETT.

AIR—"Pour la Syrie."

In days of yore we read of deeds
Of bright and brilliant men,
And a legend have of Bowling Hall—
The foe, intruding, when—
A spirit, so the legend runs—
"*Pity poor Bradford,*" cried,
Newcastle Duke (twas spoken to,
By his midnight bedside.

CHORUS.

Then cheer, boys, cheer, our Rifle Corps,
The honour'd and the brave;
Their praise shall ring from shore to shore
Our foreign soil, and wave.

The foe ('twas when the civil war
Spread devastation round)
Encamp'd on th' moors of Eccleshill,
And thought to hold their ground.
Then with a rush they dash'd o'er hill,
O'er meadow, plain, and fell,
When Bradford men sprang forth, and then
They drove them hence full well.

Now comes the age of Chivalry,
Valorous in the field,
For now the deadly Rifle
Aristocrats, they yield.

The laurels they are aiming for
I trust they may achieve;
Our corps of gallant Riflemen
Eternally shall live.

Rally round the standard, boys,
The colours proudly fly,
We'll win a name in history,
Or nobly we will die.
Should France dare to oppose us,
We can defend our shore,
The Eagle's banner soon shall sink
Beneath the Rifle Corps.

Ye Gentlemen of England
Now rise with one accord,
And study how to handle
The Rifle and the sword.
Their crest the Boar's Head,
Known to the foe before,
Then tremble, foeman, tremble,
At our gallant Rifle Corps.

Bradford may be proud
Of such a gallant host;
And should war betide, be sure you'll find
This is no idle boast.
South, East, and West, and chilly North,
Where'er you may explore,
You'll never meet a braver band
Than our gallant Rifle Corps.

Then cheer with heart and soul
Whene'er the band approach,
Their names shall still be stainless,
And free from all reproach.
Success attend their prowess,
Heaven grant this, we implore,
And shout with might, true Yorkshiremen
For our gallant Rifle Corps.

STARLIKE HOPE.

A Beautiful Ballad by EDWARD HARLEY TANNETT, *sung with great applause by Miss Garthwaite, at the Royal Alhambra, Leeds.*

In our sadness, rays of gladness,
Like a sunbeam cheer the heart!
Starlike gleaming, bright hope beaming,
Bids the glistening tear depart.
E'er to-morrow, this day's sorrow
Like a dew drop may dissolve;
Clouds now darkling, bright and sparkling,
Into plenteous joys resolve.

CHORUS.

Cheer, man, cheer, then cease repining,
Vain regrets are useless all;
Starlike hope is brightly shining,
Heaven illumes the path for all.

Cease all mourning, peace returning,
Blissful joys in hope abound,
On reflection, calm subjection,
Sheds a halo all around.
Scan each feature o'er sweet nature,
All is joyous smiles and gay;
Here no sadness, all is gladness,
'Neath the dazzling sunlit ray.

Years of anguish man may languish,
Fetters goad the captive slave;
Retrospection and dejection,
Still there's hope beyond the grave.
Freedom's treasure, boon of pleasure,
Clust'ring joys abundant store,
Wrongs are righted, warm hearts blighted,
Re-unite for evermore.

THE IRISH STEW.

A New and Original Parody, written by EDMUND H. TANNETT, *and sung with Uproarious Applause by J. H. Ogden, Esq.*

AIR—"Red, White, and Blue."

Here's the army and the navy for ever,
And the bright brilliant deeds they may do
Their conquests forgot shall be never,
'Pon my word, and they've not made a few.
But old Ireland is no ways behind them,
Of brave deeds she can claim a few,
But the brightest of prizes she can claim,
Is the making of a stiff Irish Stew.

CHORUS.

A rale good stiff Irish Stew,
Well season'd with pepper, boys, too!
May we still be cemented together,
In the bonds of an old Irish Stew.

You may brag of the roast beef of England,
Or the leg of a lamb may be prime,
Or the nice thick broth of old Scotland,
Or the praises of a Welsh Rabbit rhyme.
But your argument soon you'll give over,
And you'll cry, Arrah, musha, hubbabboo.
Sure the Irish they are living in clover,
For they feed them on a rale Irish Stew.

The Queen, when our brave troops she mustered,
Declared all our men proud to view;
Says she, they're as thick as a custard,
And her arms round their necks then she threw.
Then she opened her blue eyes with wonder,
And her mouth opened very wide too,
For the news it seemed to astound her,
That they fed them on a stiff Irish Stew.

Like a lady the Queen condescended
To converse with her heroes so true.
No boy that day she offended,
But of hearts—oh! she gained not a few.
Then the bugle it sounded to dinner,
When off to the barracks she flew,
And with a ladle was the very first beginner
To walk into an old Irish Stew.

Then she called all her ministers together,
And she gave them instructions what to do.
Says she, I'll love old Ireland for ever,
For they've learnt me a nice dodge or two,
Our colours we in future will change them,
And the standard of England make new;
On the walls our new flags we will range them,
And fight under an old Irish Stew.

DENNY CARNEY.

An Original Irish Comic Song. by E. H. TANNETT.

AIR—"Ally Croaker."

I pray you, gents and ladies all,
You'll listen to my blarney,
I've lately come from Donegal,
My name is Denny Carney.
I used to deal in hogs and pigs,
Until the trade got failing.
Says I, I'll just to England sail,
And I'll give the boys a peeling.

SPOKEN.

Bad cess to the tail of my mother's Tom-cat! but I did, and when I left my own darling green Isle, sure the tears ran down my cheeks, like peas through a riddle. Oh musha! bad cess

to the briny ocean and white-crested foam. Sure, I found out that we should be lost in the turning of a handspike. Oh! the devil take the day when I took it into my head to travel into foreign parts. Hands! shorten sail, says the Captain. Sure, you'd better lengthen them, says I, and take us over; for——

CHORUS.

Hubbaboo! row-de-dow! an Irishman so frisky,
Delights in either love or row, or drinking Irish whiskey.

Faix, I'd paid the Captain sixty pence,
We then began a sailing,
But I found, which stands to common sense
My bowels they got ailing.
The boat began a dancing jigs,
The wind began a tuning,
I laid myself down with the pigs,
They grunting and I groaning.

SPOKEN.

Musha, bad cess to me, says I, but I'll go to the Captain on the quarter-deck. So, says I, Captain, bad luck to ye, but here's the pigs heaving the internal portions of them into the ocean, and here's myself doing the self-same thing. What's that you say, Paddy, says he. Paddy! Arrah faix, says I, and if you give me much of your Paddy, I'll give you a taste of the black-thorn will make you cough, so I will. Faix, the same night we got into Liverpool, and the moment I stept on the shore, who should I meet but my old sweetheart, Mally Malone. Oh! the moment she clapt eyes on me, D'ye see what I've got in the arms of me? says she. What's that? says I. Sure, an is'nt it an illigant baby of your own, you left in Dublin? says she. Oh, go along, said I; D'ye call that a baby o' mine wid a head as big as a bushel basket of pratees. Faix, wid that she began crying, the child began squalling, and I began bawling.

Chorus.

Then safe arrived in Liverpool,
I soon met wid relations,
My friends came down— och! such a school,
And such congratulations.
We tripp'd it then upon the floor,
And kept the night up frisky,
All dancing till the clock struck four,
And tippling off the whiskey.

SPOKEN.

Arrah faix, and the divel's own night it was! I got as drunk as Denny O'Leary's pig, when he gave him a bucketful of pratee parings; and bad cess to me, but I softened the scull of Barney O'Rafferty, till it resembled a batter pudding. Hoorooh for a row! and long life to the Shamrock of Erin's green isle, for we are de boys to sing.

Chorus.

PATRICK O'SHANDY.

An Original Irish Comic Song, by E. H. TANNETT.

AIR—"From Great Londonderry."

Arrah, Patrick O'Shandy, a boy nate and handy,
Who'd only one fault, 'twas the whiskey, och hone.
He could sing a song gaily, and twist a shillelah,
Wid ever a boy in the county Athlone.
For Pat was so plazing, so fond of the teazing,
He'd rollick and dance wid de girls on de floor.
With a nate dacent figure, if he'd been a foot bigger,
Arrah Pat was de darling of county Athlone.

CHORUS—Arrah Patrick, &c.

There was Phelah O'Brady, who'd been reared a lady,
Saw Pat at the fair and with him fell in love.

BLEED THROUGH

Sure the look that he gave her, the wicked desaver,
The whole of the sense out of Phelah he drove.

Says he, Darling honey, I know you've got money,
And a husband you want just to set matters right.
Then he blarney'd and hoax'd her, until he had coax'd her,
To make her his bride on the very same night.

Then the neighbours all flocking, to throw up the stocking,
And have a jig on the floor where they were met.
Sure the married and single together did mingle,
Arrah faix, and they made such a rollicking set.

Then they all got so frisky, wid smoking and whiskey,
Shillalahs on heads were hammering like fun.
Scull and brains flying, and some of them dying,
'Pon my word you may say that the row had begun.

The morning just breaking, and Patrick awaking,
Look'd round for his bride, but the divel a one there.
His lady disgracing, Pat lay there embracing
A creature which made him in wonderment stare;

For in Patrick's arms *did* lie, the dirty pig from the sty,
With its arms round his neck, faix, as loving could be,
While the late Miss O'Brady, who'd been rear'd a lady,
Cried, Is this my first night, arrah, Cushla Mc.Chree.

Oh, be aisy, says Pat, don't you see what I'm at?
Sure, I'm saving the bacon from running away.
Faix, we all got so frisky, wid drinking the whiskey,
There was no one to keep him from going the wrong way.

But now then, my charmer, I'll give you a warmer!
Pat knew what he meant, but the rest's out of sight.
But in nine months or handy, came Master O'Shandy,
Which belonged, so says Pat, to the next wedding-night.

SONS OF TOIL.

BY E. H. BANNISTER.

Ye freeborn sons of English soil,
How proud ye ought to be,
Each independent son of toil,
With heartfelt pride I see,
Though their task may be laborious,
The object gained is glorious,
Triumphantly victorious
Are England's sons of toil.

CHORUS.

Then banish care and sadness,
And foster joy and gladness,
To live in grief is madness,
On this our native soil.
Our English flag triumphant flies,
Around our sea girt shore,
Whilst heaven sends us rich supplies.
What can we wish for more?
Our good Queen's reign is glorious,
By sea and land victorious,
Long may she still reign over us,
And England's sons of toil.
Then banish care, &c.

Our hands and hearts united are,
To keep our land from harm:
We strike not till we slighted are,
Then each and all we'll arm.
Though our task may be laborious,
The object gained is glorious,
Triumphantly victorious
Are England's sons of toil.
Then banish care and sadness,
And foster joy and gladness,
To live in grief is madness,
On this our native soil.

THINGS UNLIKELY.

What curious occurrences now happen every day,
New things spring up every hour, and old ones pass away,
The most unlikely things are these, but let 'em prate who will,
My aim is now to sing of things that's more unlikely still.

Tol-de-dol, &c.

Is it likely any man would act so like a pup
As to see a sovereign in the street and refuse to pick it up?
Or is it likely at a fair, it matters not how gay,
A prig should steal your watch, and then forget to run away.

Is it likely you will see the Prince of Wales drive hogs?
Or see the Duke of Cambridge a wearing wooden clogs?
Or is it likely you will find a new policeman shy?
Or ever see the income tax baked in a penny pie?

Is it likely any maid, thirty years of age,
If kissed by a smart young chap would fly off in a rage?
Or is it likely you will see a mackerel kiss an eel?
Or see a cod-fish dance a jig, or waltz with Bobby Peel?

Is is likely any woman, widow, maid, or wife,
Would loose a little gossip though it was to save her life?
Or is it likely you'll see ladies act like those of yore,
Or take their bonnets from behind and wear them up before?

Is it likely any married man would think it right
To see his dear and lawful wife with another man at night?
Or is it likely if he found her out she would'nt run,
Or say it was her mother's, brother's, sister's, cousin's son?

Is it likely friends come here, and nothing to admire,
Or is it likely I could sing all night, and never tire?
But it is likely you are pleased, and its likely I'm all right,
And it is likely I may sing this song some other night.

NONSENSE, NO.

I'll sing a song not very long if you will pay attention,
Of all the sights I have seen, to you I now will mention—
I've seen some very rummy sights as the world I've travelled round, sirs,
If you could see what I have seen, you'd give five hundred pounds, sirs.

CHORUS.

Nonsense, no! common sense is nothing else but nonsense, no!

Did you ever see a donkey play on a German flute, sirs?
Did you ever see two oyster shells going out to shoot, sirs?
Did you ever see a periwinkle tyking old Parr's pills, sirs?
Did you ever see four tinder boxes dancing a quadrille, sirs?

Did you ever see a guinea pig smoking a short pipe, sirs?
Did you ever see a spider eat a pound and a half of tripe, sirs?
Did you ever know an Irishman that was'nt fond of whiskey?
Did you ever hear a wheel barrow sing the Bay of Biscay?

Did you ever see a candlestick with water on the brain, sirs?
Did you ever see a magpie dance a jig at Drury Lane, sirs?
Did you ever hear a cart horse talk to the road, sirs?
Did you ever see a barber shave a hackney coach, sirs?

Did you ever see a mackerel hunting after weasals?
Did you ever see a frying pan troubled with the measles?
Did you ever see a warming pan making yellow ochre?
Did you ever see a doctor try to bleed a kitchen poker?

Did you ever see a piano eating bread and butter?
Did you ever see a monument waltzing in the gutter?
So now my friends to end my song, no longer will I jangle,
Did you ever see Prince Albert winding up the Queen's mangle?

PAT MC. GLARE.

BY E. H. TANNETT.

AIR—"Lochlin O'Bucklin."

Sure the bright morn was shining,
The stars twinkled clear,
All nature was hush'd,
Not a sound could you hear.
When over the bog
Sure a voice came along,
We won't go home till morning,
Was the strain of the song,

Sure Patrick was fond
Of his whiskey and fun,
His horses and dogs,
His pratees and fun.
But Norah his wife, sure,
Was heart-sick wid woe,
When she found the straight road
To destruction he'd go.
Arrah, Mr. Mc.Glare would get drunk at the fair.

But we'll leave Mr. Patrick
To cross over the bog,
And home to his cabin
We'll just take a jog.
Father Phelim sat there,
Wid Pat's wife by your leave,
And this sensible counsel
The good man he gave,
We must try, I declare, to keep Pat from de fair.

Now to night he'll come home
Just as drunk as a lord;
But don't agrivate him,
Nor yet speak a word.
Just give him this draught
In his whiskey, arrah dear!
And for the rest of my plan
Sure myself will be near,
And will keep Mr. Patrick from going to de fair.

Father Phelim he hid
In de barn for a while,
Just as Patrick Mc.Glare
Had rolled over the style.
Arrah faix, then he staggered
Right into the door,
And he fell like a load
Of black turf on de floor.
Crying, Mrs. Mc. Glare, I've got drunk at de fair.

Arrah Patrick, says she,
But of whiskey you're fond,
And would take off a dram
Of the best, I'll be bound.
Then she mixed up the glass
With the draught mixed as well,
When fast off asleep
Mr. Patrick he fell.
Arrah, Mr. Mc. Glare quite remembers fair.

Like a pig in the sty,
Sure he snored fast and hard,
While his darling wife laughed
In her sleeve, by my word.
Then she called in the neighbours,
And told them her plan,
And Mr. Mc. Glare
They dressed as a dead man.
Such a lark, I declare, was not seen at the fair.

On a bed neat and decent,
They stretched him out there,
In a clean winding sheet
They rolled Mr. Mc. Glare.
Then the whiskey went round,
And my word you may take,
They gave Mr. Mc. Glare
Such a nate Irish wake.
Such a row, I declare, was not heard at the fair.

With a book Father Phelim
Stood anent the bed-side,
When Patrick awoke,
And opened his eyes wide,
To see all the neighbours
And friends he knew well,
And he neatly laid out
In a black workhouse shell.
Oh! says Mr. Mc. Glare, but this looks mighty quare.

Och hone! and och hone!
Poor Patrick he cried;
Arrah, Norah dear, tell me,
Is it long since I died?

But I see you're in trouble,
So just while you think,
From that whiskey, my darling,
Just hand me a drink.
I've had none, I declare, since I died at the fair.

This craving capsized
Father Phelim's great plan.
He found the desire
Was too strong for the man.
T'is a sin that grows on you,
He said as he went,
Sure the devil himself
'Twas the whiskey first sent.
So like Mr. Mc. Glare, don't get drunk at the fair.

DODGING ROUND.

A New Parody by E. H. TANNETT.

AIR—"Bobbing round."

I'm a down-east codger, fresh in town,
And I go dodging round—around,
I contrive to do the natives brown,
As I go dodging round.
Sometimes I personate a swell,
When I go dodging round—around,
And manage all that very well,
When I go dodging round.

SPOKEN.

Tarnal whip me, but I do; I've heerd them speak of the female women in this here country, but, whip me, they ar'nt to be compared with them on't tother side the broad Atlantic. Oh no! you talk of a female's waist! Now I don't wish to waste time in idle discussion, so I'll just prove that the waist in America far excels the waist in this here country. Now to give you ocular demonstration of the fact, I knew a woman in Pennsylvania, and her waist was *sich* a tarnation size, it took a man half his life trying to walk half-way round it; he found he could'nt finish the job, so he terminated the remainder of his existence walking back again, he did—for

CHORUS.

You'll own we're pretty cute, I guess,
As we go dodging round—around.
With the world we Yankees still progress,
As we go dodging round.

You've heard of Barnum oft before,
He still went dodging round—around.
Like him, I'm prince of Humbugs sure,
As I go dodging round.
Oh once I loved a scrumptious girl,
And we went dodging round—around.
Her amiabilities I will tell,
As we went dodging round.

SPOKEN.

Now that ere were a gal—but she was of such a tarnation excitable temperature that whenever she got in a passion her eyes started so far out of her head, it took a team of horses half a day to bring 'em back again, and she trembled to such a degree, she shook all the trees out by the roots, and when she *wher* coming round, she kicked every mortal thing, except the bucket, and she'd have kicked that too, but there war'nt one in the store, they'd sent them all to the cooper's—so [*Chorus.*

Now the old steam-boat that brought me here,
Oh! she went dodging round—around.
She got capsized, or very near,
As we went dodging round.
She danced the Polka high and low,
As we went dodging round—around.
To the bottom I thought we should go,
As we went dodging round.

SPOKEN.

Tarnal death, if that war'nt a gale. The skipper said if it blowed that 'ere way much longer, it would blow us all into eternity; and the first mate said it would blow all the hair off the passengers' heads, so I jumped on deck, and sung out, All hands, ahoy! man the lee scuppers, take a double reef in the sheet anchor, and chuck the main deck over-

BLEED THROUGH

board—and then they chucked *me* overboard, and if I had'nt been able to swim I should never have been here to chant

You'll own were pretty cute, I guess,
As we go dodging round—around.
With the world we Yankees still progress,
As we go dodging round.

WHAT CAN A COMBER DO?

Boath careful an sowber I am,
An more pashant than mony a scoar,
Bud it's hard boath to work hard an clam,
An be bothered wi' duns at your door.
I've tried i' meh life to get on,
An nah when I'm nearly worn through,
I think that it stands me upon,
To sing what can a poor Comber do?

I've hardly a shirt to mi back,
An I've hardly a shoe te mi foit,
Mi goods they are all goan to rack,
I've a wife an five childer to booit.
When we're wed ye naw childer *will* come,
An mi wife is a steam weyvur too,
Shoo wants me to keep her at hoam,
But then, what can a poor Comber do?

If a chap is as big as a horse,
An can carry a gert thumping stone,
An as ill as a devil and worse,
Tho' his wit an his reason's all goan,
He gets made a strong mason at once,
Though he hardly nows one an one's two,
While there's scores wi' more wit i' their sconce,
Singing, what can a poor Comber do?

Sometimes when t'pearker's been grumbling,
As if I'd committed some blunder,
I fun mysen foarst to be humbling,
When he sud be good reight knock under.
This sets mah a thinking as how
When a lad to skoil thoy made mah go,
I might ha been managing now,
Bud what can a poor Comber do!

When I into company go,
I'm foarst ta set a' one side,
Lest somebody wi' ther slack jaw,
Call out, does ony body want for to ride?
He's a Knight of the Pad-post, cries one,
While his bullet een riddled me through,
Till mi blood boiled like broth in a pan,—
But what could a poor Comber do?

When I was young I knew summat a this,
Though I cuddant grasp hold on it all.
But I seed it, an ha could I miss
Feeling hurt ta hear Combers thought small.
Sed a lass, Nah, I'st luik varry clever,
If I wor seen courting wi' you;
A chap as can cuss nowt but a sliver,
What else can a poor Comber do?

I dar say ye all naw owd Soft Bread,
Or happen ye've heerd on't afore,
He ses when a Comber goes dead,
As there's nobody bud donkeys al roar,
He wares all his wages i' meyl,
Thick porridge he can't get anew,
An except ye'll hev him to steil,
What more can a poor Comber do?

It's no use to be shuffling and shirking,
Wi' hints about bottle an glass,
For until there's more money for working,
Until he get's hold o' more brass,
He'll nawther be wiser nor better,
Though Wisdom an Virtue may woo,
While bound by pale Poverty's fetter,
What can a poor Comber do?

TAPPING AT THE WINDOW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Tapping at the window,
Peeping o'er the blind;
'Tis really most surprising,
He never learns to mind!
'Twas only yester' evening,
As in the dark we sat,
My mother ask'd me sharply,
"Pray, Mary, who is that?"
Who's that, indeed! you're certain
How much she made me start;
Men seem to lose their wisdom,
Whene'er they lose their heart!

Yes, there he is—I see him,
The lamp his shadow throws
Across the curtain'd window;
He's stepping on his toes,
He'll never think of tapping,
Or making any din;
A knock, though e'en the slightest,
Is worse than looking in!
Tap! tap! would any think it?
He never learns to mind;
'Tis surely most surprising—
He thinks my mother's blind.

'Tis plain I must, go to him,
It's no use now to cough;
I'll ope the door just softly,
If but to send him off.
'Tis well if from the door-step
He be not shortly hurl'd.
O men! there ne'er was trouble
Till ye came in the world.
Tapping at the window,
And peeping o'er the blind,
O man! but you're a trouble,
And that we maidens find.

PADDY CONNOR'S WEDDING.

AIR—"Judy Callaghan."

'Twas last Sunday morn,
To me the news was carried,
That Pat and Judy Connor
Were going to be married.
I saddled my donkey quick,
And gave him such a whack,
With my large shillelah stick.
I was after them in a crack.

CHORUS.

Oh what joys!
Nothing we were dreading,
Roaring boys,
Were all at Paddy's Wedding!

So then I rode away,
Till I came to Mother Leary's,
There I heard them say,
They were going unto St. Mary's.
I flew there in a trice,
And there was such a rout,
Together they were spliced,
And all a-coming out.
Oh what joys! &c.

Together then we strolled,
To Judy Connor's mother,
In the door we rolled,
One a top o' tother.
There was Larry, Kate,
Besides a dozen more;
Patrick with his head,
He split the cupboard door.
Oh what joys! &c.

We all sat on the ground,
Singing altogether,
The whiskey it went round,
With hearts as light as a feather.
There was strong beer, ale, and toast,
Butter to spread the crumpet,
A little pig to roast,
All your bellies to comfort.
Oh what joys! &c.

The supper being done,
'Twas break of day in the morning,
We swore we'd have some fun,
All fear and danger scorning.
I gave Connor such a blow,
'Cause he struck my mother—
And all at once, you know,
Fell whacking one another.
Oh what joys! &c.

Just like a lump of lead,
Together we both went down,
Against the bedstead leg,
I broke his collar bone.
Then Connor out of spite,
To please his heart's desire,
He ran and got a light,
And set the house on fire.
Oh what joys! &c.

We all ran out together,
Were frighten'd out of breath,
The goods and every feather,
They all were burnt to death.
Away we all did run,
But not a word we said,
I saw no more of the fun,
But tumbled into bed.
Oh what joys! &c.

EVERY LAND MY HOME.

Life is not all a desert waste,
As those would have us think
Who sorrow's cup too often taste,
Of joys too rarely drink;
For we whose pulses warmly beat
Tow'rds all whose hands we press,
Can make the waste a garden sweet,
By succouring distress.

No bound for me of earth or sea,
To bid me not to roam;
My nation shall be all mankind,
And ev'ry land my home.

The dearest plade shall be the spot,
Where first I drew my breath,
Oh! never that first home forget,
Till I forget in death.

The sweetest music that I hear
Still seems a village chime,

And where the warmest smiles appear
Is still the warmest clime.
No bound for me of earth or sea,
To bid me not to roam;
My nation shall be all mankind,
And every land my home.

YOU WOULD NOT LEAVE YOUR NORAH.

You would not leave your Norah,
To pine alone behind,
The wide, wide world before her,
And no one to be kind?
The times are hard and trying,
But, Dennis, perhaps they'll mend;
You would not leave your Norah?
You yet may want a friend.
You would not, &c.

Yes, Norah, dear, I am going,
And yet it breaks my heart;
To see your eyes are flowing
With tears, because we part.
'Tis sad to leave old Erin,
A stranger's home to share;
But sadder still, I'm fearing,
With none to love me there.
You would not, &c.

Then, Dennis, take me with you,
You know not half I do;
There's no one to forbid you,
I've saved a pound or two;
I'll soothe your every sorrow,
If first the priest you'll tell:
Yes Norah, dear, to-morrow,
Then, Erin, fare thee well.

I could not leave my Norah,
To pine away behind,
The wide, wide world before her,
And none to her be kind.

THE RECRUIT.

BY E. L. BLANCHARD.

Tom Shaw he was a plough-boy once,
As blythe as e'er was seen,
And in Dame Fortune's share of luck,
A plough-share his had been.
For in Life's game to different men,
Does chance give different trades,
And while some turned up diamonds, Tom
Had only turned up spades.

Now Tom, at last, grew tired of work,
For farming brings its cares;
And while his fields were sown with wheat,
His clothes were sown with tares.
So when one day a regiment gay
Marched through the village, then
Tom listened to the Captain, and
Then listed with the men.

Now this, like other regiments, then
Whose name was truly "Legion,"
Was on a warmer service packed,
Unto the Spanish region.
And there they might, perchance in fight,
Have glorious battles won,
But when some cried out, "run and cut,"
The others "cut and run."

But years flew past, and home, at last,
Poor Tom with sorrow came,
His scarlet coat had gone, and let
A scar alone remain.
Like other folks, no gold he found,
In war's uncertain dealings,
And so he harrowed up the ground
Which harrowed up his feelings.

Thus wiser grown, Tom stays at home,
Nor pines for other scenes:
And to a field of glory, Tom
Prefers a field of beans,
So hence, contentment, we may learn,
Of joy is a precursor,
For he who changs oft his lot,
Arn't wise but *wiser worser*.

THE RAILWAY GUARD.

Now ladies and gentlemen, quick, if you please,
The train will be off in a minute;
Take places for Chippenham, Corsham, and Bath,
We run to the carriage, then in it.
Oh, the guard of the train has a right merry vein,
As he chats to the gentlefolks all,
With his fine surtout, and braid to boot,
And whistle so shrill in its call.

CHORUS.

Worthy the pen of the ablest bard,
A right merry soul is the Railway Guard.

The latest intelligence always from him
We seek for, and never in vain,
Do we want to know whether the Russians
are beat,
Or difference in price of the grain:
Did Jenny sing well at the Concert last
night?
The pair who eloped, are they caught?
Is Anderson thought a good hand at Rob
Roy?
Or Matthews' double worth ought?
Worthy the pen, &c.

Apropos to intelligence lately received,
What news in the musical world?
Sir, the "Red, white, and blue," is beloved
the realm through,
From its height may it never be hurled.
While Minnie takes hold of a thousand
fair hands,
As for copies a multitude flock,
But the say of the day, that will never
decay,
Is the soul-stirring Postman's Knock.
Worthy the pen, &c.

THE FINNIGINS.

I'm a gay day-labouring youth,
I was rared in the town of Drumshackling
I'm a widower now in my youth,
Since I buried one Molly Malgackling,
I never was married but once in my life,
I'll never commit such a sin again,
I discovered when she was my wife,
She was fond of one Barney MacFinnigin.

Her father kept cabins of mud,
Which I used to go out to admire, sure.
They were built at the time of the flood,
To keep the ancestors dry, sure.
When he found I had Molly bespoke,
He first got quite fat—then looked thin
again,
In his struggle his gizzard he broke,
From a stretch of Barney MacFinnigin.

The corpse for convenience was put
In a friend's house that lived in a barn,
sure,
Some came walking on foot,
And others came mounted on carse sure,
My wife sighed and sobbed for the loss,
I put her twice out—she got in again,
I gave her a south-westering clout,
And I was attacked by the Finnigins.

The corpse was upset in the bed,
Fighting commenced in a minute, sure,
Devil a stick could we get,
Till we tore off the legs of the furniture,
In showers the blood flew about,
I was knock'd out, but knock'd in again,
I got a south-westering clout,
Which laid me as flat as O'Finnigin.

How long I'd been dead, the Lord knows,
I couldn't believe I was living, sure,
I awoke with the cramp in my toes,
And found they were bound with a ribbon
sure,
I opened my mouth for to speak,
When the sheets were shoved up to my
chin again,
Says I, "Molly, I'm awake," says she,
"Hold your tongue,
You're going to be buried with O'Finnigin

My wife came home from the spree,
Full of whiskey, from the burying, sure.
She showed as much mercy to me,
As a hungry man would to a herring, sure,
Until one pelt I gave her,
Which made her to cry and to grin again,
And in three months I opened the grave,
And threw her on the bones of old Finnigin

THE DODGER.

Fare you vell, my Vitechapel boys,
Fare you vell for a vhile,
For you see the bobbies and the beaks,
Has tumbled to my style,
But it's all werry vell vhen you're in luck,
Your friends vill stand a cup,
But vhen you's down they keeps you down.
Acause they turns you up.

So fare ye vell, my Vitechapel boys,
And you wot keeps a fence,
I'm going away to Australia,
But not at my own expense.

I've got an out and out good name,
For being a knowing blade,
I'm fly to every downy dodge,
And a stunner at my trade.
But the best of all the fliest coves,
Am werry much to blame,
Because they make the Bobbies fly,
To tumble to their game.

I nailed this yellow vipe from a swell
Whilst going up Drury-lane,
And the Bandanna from a bloke,
Whilst drinking his champaign,

BLEED THROUGH

This from a foreigner I took,
Whilst walking Leicester square,
And this one from another chap—
As grand as a Lord Mayor.

There's one or two more lately you see,
Taken folks in quite unavares,
I should like to know the difference betwixt
These vipes and the Railway shares,
The Crystal Palace cotched it too,
But they had themselves to thank,
But the biggest swindle of 'em all
Was the Royal British Bank.
When Mr. Dickens wrote his work,
He drew my character so well,
Betwixt the Artful Dodger and me
None could the difference tell;
Mr. Crucked shanks not drinks no gin,
In this pictur you may see
The wery Dodger what I mean—
All of a twist like me.
I never injured any one,
And vorked hard for vot I got,
For nothing comes amiss to me,
Except the vile garrot;
For every finger dodge there is,
I's got a happy nack,
And never like a coward struck
A man behind his back.

Now fare ye vell my Vitechapel boys,
To part with you I grieve,
But I'll soon return to you vence more
When I've vorked the ticket of leave,
Here's yon dodge that keeps up my pluck
And does my bosom cheer,
That is when I return again,
You'll welcome the Dodger here.

I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie.

I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie,
I'm leaving thee in tears;
It may be for a long time, Annie,—
Perhaps for many years:
It is more kind to part now, dearest,
Than linger here in pain,
To think of joys that once were brightest,
But that may ne'er come again!

I'm thinking of the past, dear Annie,
When your locks were bright as gold;
Your smiles were soft, but now, dear Annie
Our hearts seem growing old;
It was not time that stole the blossoms,
From off thy cheeks so fair,
But winter came too soon upon them,
And chill'd the floweret there.

WILLIE SAFE AT HOME.

Answer to Willie, we have missed you.

Yes, Mary, it is me, dear,
Safe, safe at home,
And never more from thee, dear,
Will I attempt to roam;
For I have made a vow,
Nature's laws for to obey,
And with my wife and children,
For ever I will stay:
I left you here in grief,
When I cross'd the briny foam,
But, Mary, dear, your Willie's here,
Safe, safe at home.

Oh, Mary, when we parted,
Long, long ago,
I was almost broken hearted
To see thy tears flow;
But duty call'd me off,
With the gallant and the brave,
To the burning shores of India,
British subjects for to save:
To the happy cot I left,
Oh, my mind did often roam,
But, Mary, dear, thy Willie's here,
Safe, safe at home.

I was often sad and weary,
Nought could my spirits cheer,
The thoughts of thee, dear Mary,
And friends I love so dear,
Brought tears into my eyes,
And fill'd my heart with pain,
I was afraid I'd ne'er behold
My native land again;
Far, far across the main,
With the army I did roam,
But, Mary, dear, thy Willie's here,
Safe, safe at home.

In grief and lamentation,
No matter where I roam,
I thought of each relation,
And the happy days I spent
With my pretty children dear,
As they play'd around my knee,
But I could not hear their voices,
Nor their smiles could I see,
For we were separated,
By the mighty ocean's foam;
But, Mary, dear, thy Willie's here,
Safe, safe at home.